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From the London Family Herald.

"NOT AT HOME."

Mrs. Granger, Mrs. Dr. West, and Mrs. Gray, all happened to meet at the residence of Mrs. Grand, one morning. They were fashionable women, and of course making fashionable calls.

Mrs. Grand's first impulse was to be "not at home," as she felt somewhat indisposed; but, on second thought, she contrived to infuse a little animation into her features, and crept down stairs. The ladies, however, were so cordial and so chatty, that Mrs. Grand did not regret having made the effort.

Conversation for once took an unexpected turn, and instead of wasting exclamations upon that Mrs. Upham's extravagant bonnet, or Miss Smith, the little flirt's new *moire antique*, the theme was, "Not at home."

Mrs. Granger declared she could see no harm in such a very little white lie, for in one sense people were not at home—to company! She found it a most convenient excuse for bores, and if she had a headache, or wanted a day for herself, she did not scruple to use it.

"I shall remember that!" said Mrs. Gray, laughing.

"Oh! to my intimate friends I am, of course, always at home," replied Mrs. Granger, blushing scarlet—"but now confess, you dear little piece of propriety, that you use this subterfuge occasionally. You certainly cannot always see your immense circle of visitors at home."

"I certainly cannot," said Mrs. Gray; "but I believe I never sent that message to the door but once, and for that once," she continued, a painful look crossing her face, "I shall never forgive myself. It was more than three years ago, and when I told my servant that morning to say, "Not at home" to whomsoever might call, except she knew it was some intimate friend, I felt my cheeks ingle, and the girl's look of surprise mortified me exceedingly. But she went about her duties, and I about mine, sometimes pleased that I had adopted a convenient fashion by which I could secure more time to myself, sometimes painfully smitten with the reproaches of my conscience. Thus the day wore away, and when Mr. Gray came home, he startled me with the news that a very dear and intimate friend was dead.

"It cannot be," was my reply, "for she exacted of me a solemn promise that I would, alone, sit by her dying pillow, as she had a secret of great importance to reveal to me. You must be misinformed; no one has been for me"—here suddenly a horrible suspicion crossed my mind. "She sent for you, but you were not at home," said Mr. Gray, innocently; then he continued, "I am sorry for Charles, her husband; he thinks her distress was much aggravated by your absence, from the fact that she called your name piteously. He would have sought for you, but yur servant said she did not know where you were gone. I am sorry. You must have been out longer than usual, for Charles sent a servant over here three times."

"Never in all my life did I experience such loathing of myself, such utter humiliation. My servant had gone further than I, in adding falsehood to falsehood, and I had placed it out of my power to reprove her by my own equivocation. I felt humbled to the very dust, and the next day I resolved, over the cold clay of my friend, that I would never again, under any circumstances, say, "Not at home!"

"But did you find out the secret?" asked Mrs. Granger.

"Never!" said Mrs. Gray; "it died with her. It was in relation to a little child in the family, and I have always felt a painful consciousness that I might have received information by which the poor little thing could be greatly benefited."

Mrs. Granger untied her delicate bonnet strings, and took to fanning herself with a lace handkerchief. Mrs. Grand immediately rose and offered her a fan that lay on a little table near.

"That reminds me," said Mrs. Dr. West, "of a similar circumstance that occurred in my husband's practice. At one time we were very intimate with the family of a Mr. Allen. They lived in the suburbs in a beautiful mansion. The doctor called there quite often as a friend and acquaintance. Mrs. Allen had but one child, a son, some five years old, a little angel in appearance and disposition, and as complete an idol as ever shared the love of two devoted hearts. One day my husband rode by there, and, as was his wont, stopped a moment. A new servant who did not know him met him, and told him the mistress was not at home; so he rode off again. Some two hours after he came home, and was surprised when I told him that Mr. Allen had sent after him long ago; that Mrs. Allen [illegible] crazy, and the child dying, [illegible] ally swallowed poison. He [illegible] There were several doctors [illegible] the little Eugene was lost. My husband ascertained what time [illegible] cident occurred, and found that, had [illegible] been misinformed at the period [illegible]

visit, he could easily have saved his life. When Mrs. Allen learned that he actually stood before her door at the very moment she discovered that her child was ill, her reason forsook her, and she has never since fully recovered. She had given strict orders that morning that she was at home to no one; and, unfortunately, a physician could not be found till nearly an hour too late."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Granger, petulantly, "what can one do when one's visiting list is so large?" and she drew together the folds of a magnificent cashmere shawl. "One would not like to send down an excuse; for my part, I don't see how you could do so."

"I do very well without resorting to a falsehood," said Mrs. West.

"Oh, dear me! You can't call it a lie!" exclaimed Mrs. Granger, much mortified.

"Then, what is it?" asked Mrs. West.

The calm, quiet tone, quite confounded Mrs. Granger. She pulled at her glove uneasily. "Why, it is—why, certainly—not exactly a lie!" and then she hesitated.

"What else can you call it?" said Mrs. West. "Suppose I should tell a friend, who might happen to ask me, that I had not visited Mrs. Grand to-day."

"Why, of course, it would be false," said Mrs. Granger, who was growing fidgety.

"Well, and where is the difference, if Mrs. Grand had sent word that she was not at home? Certainly we should have felt bound to believe the correctness of the message."

Mrs. Grand made a nice little mental promise that perhaps she never would do so again.

"Besides," chimed in Mrs. Gray, "I think it leads to loss of confidence in one's friends. We cannot tell those who would wantonly deceive us, from others who for worlds would not give us a false impression."

"I must say," exclaimed Mrs. West, resolutely buttoning her gloves, "it is not a very creditable way of displaying one's partiality. For instance, I take particular pains to call on Mrs. Granger to-day. She is "not at home." I regret it, leave my card, and tomorrow meet Mrs. Gray and Mrs. Grand, and understand from that they spent a delightful hour with Mrs. Granger. At the very time that lady was not at home to me, they were chatting quite cosily in her parlor."

Mrs. Granger coughed slightly, and became very busy fingering her collar, twitching her bonnet-strings, and manœuvring in various ways previous to retiring. I, meantime, a silent and unseen listener, jotted down the foregoing. Perhaps it will not be amiss to think of it.

Looking-Glasses.—The manufacture of silvered mirrors, as at present carried on, is one of the most curious of modern arts. The process of thus silvering glass mirrors is very simple! The sheet of tin-foil, somewhat larger than the mirror, is lad upon a smooth table, and quicksilver poured over it until it covers the tin-foil with a thickness of one-tenth of an inch, or more; when the mercury has been swept by the edge of a stick to clean off the drops from its surface, the glass plate, scrupulously clean, is brought even with the table, and pushed gently forward sideways, so as to slide over the bath of mercury, its edge just dipping beneath its surface, so as to push before it all impurities, and to exclude all air-bubbles. Weights are then evenly applied over the back of the mirror, and the whole table inclined to such an angle as to favor the drawing off of the superfluous mercury. This requires some days or weeks, according to the size of the plate. Here is an additional risk and cost in large mirrors, since the time consumed is not small, and the danger of fracture. The amalgam sometimes crystalizes, producing imperfections which require the renewal of the whole process; and the health of those engaged in it also suffers, and is finally des-destroyed by mercurial salivation.

Life Illustrated.

Louis Napoleon.—Some leading journals of Europe, which ought to be well informed, and which set forth their views in a philosophical and dispassionate manner, express the opinion that there is no permanency in the government of Louis Napoleon, strong and stable as it appears to the superficial observer. We, on this side the Atlantic, have of course no means of solving a problem about which the most experienced doctors of Europe differ. We can only see that the present ruler of France has elevated his country to a pitch of power and influence which she never attained under any other monarch, and has managed her foreign relations with a skill and success surpassing those of the most practiced and consummate diplomatists of former governments. Whether her internal affairs have been conducted with as much wisdom as her relations with other States; or whether any degree of human wisdom can provide an anodyne for the restless temperament of France, [illegible] keep it quiet for more th[illegible] questions beyond [illegible] The weather-wise me[illegible] —those long [illegible] in the politi[illegible] in the signs [illegible] brewing wh[illegible] Napoleon[illegible] The Fr[illegible]

Be Courteous;

OR THE RAILROAD CONDUCTOR CAUGHT.

"You cannot judge of a man by the coat he wears."

'Halloa, Limpy, the cars will start in a minute; hurry up, or we shall leave you behind!'

The cars were waiting at a station of one of our Western railroads. The engine was puffing and blowing. The baggage master was busy with baggage and checks. The men were hurrying to and fro with chests and valises, packages and trunks. Men, women and children were rushing for the cars and hastily securing their seats, while the locomotive snorted, and puffed and flowed.

A man carelessly dressed was standing on the platform of the depot. He was looking around him, and seemingly paid little attention to what was passing. It was easy to see that he was lame. At a hasty glance one might easily have supposed that he was a man of neither wealth nor influence. The conductor of the train gave him a contemptuous look, and slapping him familiarly on the shoulder, called out:

'Halloa, Limpy, better get aboard, or the cars will leave you behind!'

'Time enough, I reckon,' replied the individual so roughly addressed, and he retained his seemingly listless position.

The last trunk was tumbled into the baggage car. 'All aboard!' cried the conductor. 'Get on, Limpy!' said he, as he passed the lame, careless dressed man.

The lame man made no reply.

Just as the train was slowly moving away, the lame man stepped on the platform of the last car, and walking in, quietly took a seat.

The train had moved on a few miles when the conductor appeared at the door of the car where our friend was sitting. Passing along, he soon discovered the stranger whom he had seen at the station.

'Hand out your money here!'

'I don't pay,' replied the lame man, very quietly.

'Don't pay?'

'No, sir.'

'We'll see about that. I shall put you out at the next station!' and he seized the valise which was on the rack over the head of our friend.

'Better not be so rough, young man,' returned the stranger.

'The conductor released the carpet bag for a moment; and seeing he could do no more then, he passed on to collect the fare from other passengers. As he stopped at a seat a few paces off, a gentleman who had heard the conversation just mentioned, looked up at the conductor, and asked him:

'Do you know to whom you were speaking just now?'

'No, sir.'

'That was Peter Warburton, the President of the road.'

'Are you sure of that, sir?' said the conductor, trying to conceal his agitation.

'I know him.'

The color rose a little in the young man's face, but with a strong effort he controlled himself, and went on collecting his fare as usual.

Meanwhile Mr. Warburton sat quietly in his seat—none of those who were near him could unravel the expression of his face, nor tell what would be the next movement in the scene. And he—of what thought he? He had been rudely treated; he had been unkindly taunted with the infirmity which had come perhaps through no fault of his. He could revenge himself if he chose. He could tell the directors the simple truth, and the young man would be deprived of his place at once. Should he do it?

And yet, why should he care? He knew what he was worth. He knew how he had risen by his own exertions to the position he now held. When a little orange peddler, he stood by the street crossings, he had many a rebuff. He had outlived those days of hardship; he was respected now. Should he care for a stranger's roughness or taunts? Those who sat near him waited curiously to see the end.

Presently the conductor came back. With a steady energy he walked up to Mr. Warburton's side. He took his books from his pocket, the bank bills, the tickets which he had collected, and laid them into Mr. Warburton's hand.

"I resign my place, sir," he said.

The President looked over the accounts for a moment, then motioning to the vacant seat at his side, said:

"Sit down, sir, I would like to talk with you."

As the young man sat down, the President turned to him a face in which was no angry feeling, and spoke to him in an under tone:

"My young friend, I have no revengeful feelings to gratify in this matter; but you have been very imprudent. Your manner, had it been thus to a stranger, would have been very injurious to the interests of the company. I might tell them of this, but I will not. By doing so I should throw you out of your situation, and you might find it difficult to find another. But in future, remember to be polite to all whom you meet. You cannot judge of a man by the coat he wears; and even the poorest should be treated with civility. Take up your books, sir, I shall tell no one of what has passed. If you change your course, nothing which has happened to-day shall injure you. Your situation is still continued.—Good morning, sir."

The train of cars swept on, as many a train had done before; but within a lesson had been given and learned, and the purport of the lesson ran somewhat thus—[illegible]'T JUDGE FROM APPEARANCES.

[illegible] agreeable old bachelor is in [illegible] He is of opinion that they [illegible] one-half of the women,

[illegible]ing old very grace- [illegible] and visits the [illegible] the gratification

Advantage of Trees.

"How beautiful, most beautiful of earth's ornaments are trees! Waving out on the hills and down in the valleys, in wildwood or orchard, or singly by the wayside. God's spirit and benison seem to us ever present in trrees. For their shade and shelter to man and brute; for the music the wind make among their leaves, and the birds in their branches; for the fruits and flowers they bear to delight the palate and the eye, and the fragrance that goes out and upward from them forever—we are worshipful of trees.

"Under his own vine and fig tree"—what more expressive of rest, independence and lordship in the earth! Well may the Arab reverence in the date-palm a God-given source of sustenance. Dear to the Spaniards is the olive, and to the Hindoo his banyan, wherein dwell the families of man, and the birds of heaven build their nests. Without trees, what a desert place would be our earth—naked parched and hateful to the eye! Yet how many are thoughtless of the use and beauty of trees. How many strike the axe idly or wantonly at their roots. Above all other things in the landscape we would deal gently with trees. Most beautiful where and as God plants them, beautiful even as planted by the poorest art of man, trees should be protected and preserved.

"If he is a benefactor who causes two blades of grass to grow where one grew before, how much greater his beneficence who plants a tree in some waste place, to shelter and shade, to draw thither song-birds, and to bear fruit for man. Plant trees, O man, that hast waste land, and be careful of those that are planted."

We do not (says the Christian Advocate) know the author of the above beautiful and comprehensive notice of trees; but we think its perusal will cause many of our readers to involuntarily and heartily responded to the familiar and popular language of the song of

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

BY GEORGE P. GEOR MORRIS.

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough,
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand;
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea—
And wouldst thou hew it down!
Woodsman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies.

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here,
My father pressed my hand;
Forgive this foolish tear—
But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings 'round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot,
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

Greeley Backing Down.—Greeley is evidently frightened in view of the probable consequences in the South, in reference to the next Congress, from the late Abolition harangues of W. H. Seward. Accordingly, we are told, in substance, by our cautious philosopher of the old white hat and leather breeches, that Seward is not half so black as he has been painted; that his Rochehester speech is very materi ally softened down by his subsequent speech at Rome, and that from both speeches it is apparent that the anti-slavery policy of Mr. Seward is as harmless as genuine Orange county milk, fresh from the cow. Unfortunately, however, that Rochester manifesto is upon record, as approved and published from the hands of the orator himself; and the record will thus stand against him. We admit that the speech was intended partly to cut under the Abolition platform of Gerrit Smith; but the prime object in view was an anti-slavery bid for the Presidency, which would cast Governor Banks, Governor Chase, Senator Hale, and all other Republican aspirants in the shade. In this light, if the opposition to the Democracy in the South can, in co-operation with their Northern Republican allies, elect a single member to Congress from any Southern State, the result will be a victory worth recording.

New York Herald.

A Singuler Phenomenon.—In the recent address of Hon. T. L. Clingman before the North Carolina State Fair, he mentions in connection with the manufacture of wine, and the difficulty on the Atlantic slope of the United States of preventing its acetous fermentation, a remarkable fact concerning a locality of the western part of that State. In a district of a few miles in extent on the Tryon mountain, neither dew nor frost is ever known. The same district is remarkable for the variety and excellence of its native grapes, and they are often found in fine condition in the open air as late as December. The dryness of the atmosphere in the locality mentioned, and its equality of temperature are most remarkable, and we should like to know more concerning it.

A Model Merchant.

"I dined yesterday with——, who may well be called a model merchant; not because business seems the business of his life, but precisely because it is not so. He makes business subservient to him; he is never the slave of business. I was asking him after dinner about the colonial trade, of which he is thoroughly conversant, but to my surprise he waived reply, very politely, however, and said, "come to my counting-room in business hours, between 10 and 3, and I will give you all the information you want. I have made it a rule for many years, never to talk business away from business." This led to further remark, when he told me he devoted as little time as was absolutely necessary to business purposes, and experience had shown him that as much could be effected in a well regulated counting-house between ten and three, as longer. That he let his clerks do for him all that they could do; he and his partner doing only what the others could not do; he had his share of business, making business a pleasure, and yet as brief a pleasure as possible, confining such thought and action within as few hours as he could, and when he left his counting-house he would no more let commercial matters intrude into his domestic and social life and conversation, than he would let a snake into his pleasure grounds. "If your countrymen would let business be an accessory and not an end of life, they would find life a very different matter than many, to my knowledge, now do. When I visited the States in 1849 one of the most agreeable men I met with in the counting-house was——; but out of his, money mill," as I indeed told him, he was the most uninteresting—he could talk only of business—as to books, he knew nothing of their contents, although his library shelves were as well filled as mine—pictures and art and literature, and music, were but as so many words whose rich significance were lost to him. What your countrymen want most is to shake off their fetters, and force themselves into a purer and more life-like atmosphere than they inhale among warehouses and ships. Some of them know this now, and are coming over here for recreation," but it will do them no good if they fall back into the old channels when they get home. "—'s conservatory is the very *bijou* of exotic dream-land, and you would hardly suppose it was the pet pleasure of a man who does so much in—— *molasses!*"

[*Extract of a letter dated London, Oct.* 10.

Mental Hygiene.

From the report of the proceedings of the Association of Superintendants of the American Hospitals for the Insane, at their late meeting in Quebec, we extract the following remarks made by Dr. Ray, in the course of a discussion which followed the reading of a paper on Mental Hygiene. The statements thus made deserve most careful attention from all who are engaged in the training of the young, if they would avoid the fatal error, widely prevalent, no doubt, in most of our communities:

"I see no cause in operation more calculated to deteriorate the power of endurance, both physical and mental, than our system of education. It is a matter of common observation, and none the less so, I fear, on account of the opposition it has encountered from every one who has the least idea of the mischief it has produced. Still we cannot avoid the duty of bearing our testimony against it on every suitable occasion.

"Children are put into schools almost as soon as they can go alone, and kept there six hours a day, and as they advance the work increases. If fortunate enough to reach the age of twelve uninjured, then the great physiological revolution in the system takes place and renders it more sensitive under the strain to which it is subjected. They go into the high schools, where the sessions are five or six hours long, and not for the purpose of study alone, some do not study at school at all, the time being occupied solely in recitation. Out of school they are kept at their studies frequently until ten or eleven o'clock at night. I am astonished every little while at some new revelation respecting the extent of these practices. A few weeks ago I was informed that many of the girls attending the high school in Providence—girls who ought to be in bed at 9 o'clock—were up habitually until eleven or twelve, getting up their exercises for the next day.

"The number of youth that break down in consequence of excessive cerebral activity is countless. The disease may pass under some other name, even dysentery, as in a case that came under my notice only last week. A lady informed me that her only child, a daughter, fourteen years old, had died in school of dysentery, though the disease seemed light, and her physicians had declared, an hour or two before she died, that there was no danger. I ascertained, however, that she was one of those intellectual children who are fond of study, and that she had been encouraged to use her brain to the utmost extent, with none of those exercises and recreations which might have checked the ruinous effect of such a course. In this condition she was attacked by a disease which, under other circumstances, would not have been serious, and she wanted the nervous energy to resist it. This case illustrates an effect of excessive cerebral exercise too much overlooked. I mean the inability to bear the least shock of disease in any other organ, as if the vital forces had all been used up in supplying the demands of the brain. The ordinary manifestations of this condition are so common that, in consequence of their very commonness, they fail to make any impression upon us. Foreigners coming among us see it and speak of it. Sir Charles [illegible], one of the commissioners of the Crystal Palace, while in Boston, not long since, visited one of the high schools for girls. On coming away, he remarked to his friend, "You seem to be training your girls for the lunatic asylum." Such was the impression made upon an intelligent stranger by their intellectual achievements in connection with their pale and tallow faces."

South Carolina and Mr Everett.

After the rest required, by the heats of the summer and a serious illness, we are glad to perceive that Hon. Edward Everett is again to resume the repetition of his classic address on the character of Washington.

Wherever this distinguished orator and statesman goes, he is received with the honors due, not only to his public talents, but to his private worth as a true patriot, a cultivated scholar and a refined gentleman.

Warm, however, as have been the demonstrations of esteem in other States, nowhere has he been offered a more beautiful tribute of appreciation than in South Carolina. So deeply was she touched by the object of his mission, that no sooner did he enter her borders than he was presented, by the President of the Company, with the freedom of her railroads for the entire year, and at her capital the committee, prompted by the chivalric courtesy belonging to the Palmetto State, welcomed him in the name of the patriotic daughter who had so nobly inaugurated the movement (since extended to one of broad nationality) for the preservation of Mount Vernon, and whose warmest ally the generous Everett had become.

This demonstration on the part of South Carolina is all the more to be appreciated because, politically, she has taken opposite sides with the great statesman, and we hail with pleasure that nobility of soul that can give its meed of praise to private virtue, unbiased by party prejudices.

The freedom of travel over her roads is also an act of generous hospitality that we would gladly see emulated all over the country. The mission to which Mr. Everett has devoted the close of his public life is thrillingly beautiful, and its disinterestedness deserves a grateful recognition. It is for a future, in which he can have no career, that he labors, and posterity alone will reap the benefit of his toil. At the call of the people, the venerated sage leaves the quiet of his home, and endures the fatigues of extended travel throughout the Union in order to secure to it Mount Vernon—the "Koh-i-noor of our national diadem," adding even a higher value to the gem, by showing with an eloquence that none but he can command how much of its lustre is reflected not only from the glory but also from the virtue of one whose spotless name has become the palladium of our liberty, and by this means, too, does he quicken the realization of wherein lie our true strength and dignity as a nation.

Under these circumstances, not South Carolina alone, but all the States, should extend a courtesy, merited by an occasion unique to this generation and, throw open their roads from North to South, from East to West, to him who, for the time, should be considered a public guest wherever, he may be invited to address the people.

Philadelphia Press.

Good Night, Papa.

These are the words whose music has not left our ears since the glooming, and now it is midnight. "Good-night, darling!" God bless you; you will have pleasant dreams, though I toss in fever, haunted by the demons of care that harass me through the day. "Good-night!" the clock on the mantle struck twelve, and no sound was heard in the house save the regular breathing of these little lungs in the next room, heard through the door ajar. We dropped our pen, folded our arms and sat gazing on the lazy fire, while the whole panorama of a life passed before us, with its many "good nights." It is a good thing to be rich, but it is a rich thing to have a good memory—provided that memory bears no unpleasant fruit, bitter to the taste; and our memory carries us back to many a pleasant scene—to the little arm chair by the fireside; to the trundle bed at the foot of the bed; to the lawn in front of the house, and the new clover, and the chickens and the swallows, and the birds' nests and the strawberries, and the many things that attract the wondering eyes of childhood, to say nothing of the mysteries of the starry skies, and the wearied gloom of the moaning forest. But then there were the "good nights," and the little prayer and the downy bed, on which slumber fell as a snow flake, only warmer, and such dreams as only visit perfect innocence! The household words "good night!" Somebody, in whose brain its rich music still lingers has written this:

"Good night!" A loud clear voice said from the stairs that it was Tommy. "Dood night!" murmurs a little something from the trundle-bed—a little something that we call Jenny, that filled a large place in the centre of two pretty little hearts. "Good night!" lisps a little fellow in a plaid rifle dress, who was named Willie about six years ago.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake"—

and the bundle in the trundle-bed has dropped off to sleep, but the broken prayer may go up sooner than many long petitions that had set out a great while before it.

And so it was "good night" all around the homestead; and very sweet music it made, too, in the twilight, and very pleasant melody it makes now, as we think of it; for it was not yesterday, but a long time ago—that Tommy is Thomas Somebody, Esq., and has forgotten that he ever was a boy, and wore what the bravest and richest of us can never wear but once, if we try—the first pair of boots.

And so it was "good night" all around the house, and the children had gone through the ivory gate, always left a little ajar for them—through into the land of dreams.

And then the lover's "good night," and the parting kiss! They are as prodigal of the hours as the spendthrift of his coin, and the minutes depart in golden showers, and fall in dying sparks at their feet. "Good night."

An Interesting Reminiscence.

The Savannah News copies an account of the doings of an insane man, named Winant Streng, who fired into a procession of Odd Fellows at Washington recently, and remarks:

"The above calls to our mind a thrilling scene which we witnessed on the eastern portico of the Capitol, in the winter of 1834, when an attempt was made by an insane man, by the name of Lawrence, to assassinate Gen. Jackson. It was on the occasion of the funeral of Hon. Warren R. Davis, of South Carolina. The funeral procession, in which were the President and heads of departments, foreign ministers, senators and representatives, was passing from the Hall of Representatives to the eastern portico.

Gen. Jackson, leaning on the arm of Hon. Levy Woodbury, then Secretary of the State, was near the head of the procession, immediately in the rear of the mourners, among whom were several ladies of Mr. Davis's family. When the mourners had reached the portico, and just as the President passed out of the green door leading to it, Lawrence stepped from behind one of the columns of the portico, where he had concealed himself, and instantly, without a word, presented a large horse pistol within three feet of the President's breast, and exploded the cap. Quick as thought, Gen. Jackson raised his hickory cane and aimed a blow at the head of the assassin, but missing him, Lawrence snapped the second pistol before he was seized and borne down to the ground by those near him. Gen. Jackson, without retreating an inch, had raised his cane for a second blow, when it was seized by those immediately around him, who, protecting him from farther assault with their persons, urged him to retire into the rotunda, which he vehemently refused to do. On being informed that it was probably a conspiracy, and that there might be more than one assassin, he still refused to be led from the portico, and expressed his determination to maintain his position where he stood.

The scene presented was most exciting. Ladies fainting and screaming—the crowd, composed of the distinguished men of the country, hurriedly gathering around the President, surprise depicted in every countenance—the rush of the would-be assassin, and the exertions of those who had taken him into custody to prevent him from being torn to pieces by the excited multitude—the Babel of voices—altogether made a most novel and impressive spectacle. The sergeant-at arms having removed the prisoner, order was soon restored, and the funeral obsequies were concluded.

On investigation it was found that Lawrence was an insane man, who had been seen lurking about the Capitol for several days. According to his own story, he was laboring under the strange hallucination that he was the rightful heir to the crown of Great Britain, and that his object in killing Gen. Jackson was that he might obtain command of the United States army and navy, with which he intended to force his right to the British throne. It is singular that Lawrence, like Streng, was a carpenter by trade.

The pistols used on the occasion were large horse pistols, which were found to be heavily loaded. [illegible] weather at the time was foggy and [illegible], and the pistols having been loaded for several days, and having been kept in his carpenter's chest while he was awaiting a favorable opportunity for the accomplishment of his purpose, the powder in the tubes had absorbed sufficient moisture to prevent ignition from the caps. To that circumstance alone, under Providence, the country owed the preservation of the life of President Jackson.

The Sacred Volmume.—Some writer gives the following analysis of the book of books, the Brble:

It is a book of laws, to show the right and wrong.

It is a book of wisdom, that makes the foolish wise.

It is a book of truth, which detects all human errors.

It is a book of life, that shows how to avoid everlasting death.

It is the most authentic and entertaining history ever published.

It contains the most remote antiquities, the most remarkable events and wonderful occurences.

It is a complete code of laws.

It is a perfect body of divinity.

It is an unequalled narrative.

It is a book of biography.

It is a book of travels.

It is a book of voyages.

It is the best covenant ever made; the best deed ever written.

It is the best will ever executed; the best testament ever signed.

It is the young man's best companion.

It is the school boy's best instructor.

It is the learned man's masterpiece.

It is the ignorant man's dictionary, and every man's directory.

It promises an eternal reward to the faithful and believing.

But that which crowns all is the author. He is without partiality, "with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

The word "bogus" owns a singular origin. In 1834 a gang of counterfeiters, on a very extensive scale, was broken up in one of our western cities. The parties manufactured United States coin, and the leading spirit was named Bogus. When arrested, he turned State's evidence, and through his instrumentality all the rest of the counterfeiters were convicted. False coin has ever since been termed "bogus," and the word has gradually adopted as one significant of anything false or simulative.

Many people drop a tear at the sight of distress who would do better to drop a dime.